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tion. Call and see specimens.

## Washington.

At the close of Senator Hunter's address at  
Richmond, Gov. Wise introduced James Barron  
Hope, who delivered a poem prepared for the oc-  
casion. The peroration of this production reads  
as follows, and it contains a lesson which may be  
profitably pondered by the sectional politicians of  
our day, who, by their conduct, illustrate the pro-  
phetic wisdom of the warning contained in Wash-  
ington's Farewell Address:

This New World had its Adam; and he fled:  
God's was the voice, and God's the mighty tread,  
Which scared the red man from his Eden bower—  
God's the decree which made the garden ours.  
All Eden 'twas and such it still remains!  
Oh, brothers! shall we prove a race of Cain?  
No! never while earth trembles with the praise  
Of him to whom you bow as to a king,  
Shall impious hands be armed with deadly things  
Because we bring up different offerings  
Upon our altars.

## To the Nation's shrine

I take my gift; my brother take thou thine.  
But if this may not be—Virginia hear thy son,  
Whose filial service now is nearly done—  
Hear me, old State! Then art supremely blest,  
A Heroe's ashes slumber in thy breast!  
Oh, Mother! if the ashes of a king  
Could nerve to deeds with which Fame's trumpet  
ring,  
What glove of challenge shall make thee start,  
When thy great son lies sleeping on thy heart?

At the close of this poem, the statue was un-  
veiled amid the shouts and applause of the multi-  
tude and the roaring of cannon.

## A Fugitive Gem.

We find the following floating as a waif, with-  
out the name of the author:

Man—a bubble on the ocean's rolling wave.  
Life—a gleam of light extinguished by the  
grave.  
Fame—a meteor dazzling with its distant glare.  
Wealth—a source of trouble, and consuming  
care.  
Pleasure—a gleam of sunshine passing soon  
away.  
Love—a morning dream whose memory gilds  
the day.  
Faith—an anchor dropped beyond the veil of  
death.  
Hope—a lone star beaming o'er the barren  
heath.  
Charity—a stream meandering from the fount  
of love.  
Bible—a guide to the realms of endless joy  
above.  
Religion—a key which opens wide the gates of  
heaven.  
Death—a knife by which the ties to earth are  
riren.  
Earth—a desert through which pilgrims wend  
their way.  
Grave—a house of rest where ends life's weary  
day.  
Resurrection—a sudden waking from a quiet  
dream.  
Heaven—a land of joy, of light, and love su-  
preme.

The Deficiency bill, an important ad-  
ministration measure, was lost in the House  
yesterday. It is believed the effect of this  
will be to embarrass the operations against  
Utah. Doubtless opposition to the  
measures against that Territory had something  
to do with the adverse action on the bill.—  
*Free Press.*

## Mothers and Daughters.

In all the sweet harmonies and soothing  
melodies of earth, none falls with such  
thrilling tones of joy upon the heart as the  
loving, tender vibrations of a mother's  
voice. Sweeter on the ear of memory is  
her tremulous tones of affection, than all  
earth's minstrelsy. She it is who breathes  
the voice of wisdom and of warning into  
the unsuspecting, innocent heart of child-  
hood. Hers it is to write on the white and  
unsullied heart, lessons of virtue and good-  
ness—hers to weave a garland of ever  
blooming, ever fragrant flowers around the  
altar of youthful, loving hearts, which  
shall bring its own exceeding great re-  
ward. How great the need that the mys-  
teries of a mother's love should encircle the  
daughter's pathway, to teach, guide, counsel  
and direct her, especially at that im-  
portant period of her life, when the heart  
is listening to the whisperings of a new  
and strange love. By all means should  
mothers be consulted in matters of the  
heart. If this were done, how much un-  
happiness and life-long misery would be  
prevented! Mothers should rear and en-  
courage their daughters to lay their cares  
on their sympathising bosoms, and always  
to seek their counsel and advice. If this  
were done, how many mistakes and heart  
sorrows might have been averted—how  
many unworthy attachments and ill-assorted  
marriages would have been prevented by  
a mother's judicious advice and counsel.  
Sympathy and confidence the young  
heart seeks as its natural aliment, and if  
the mother withholds it, it will surely be  
sought, and very probably from those in  
no wise capable or worthy of giving it.—  
Very careful should the mother be how  
she disregards or ridicules the first bud-  
dings of love in her daughter's tender and  
gentle heart, and never should their youth-  
ful attachments be treated lightly or turned  
into ridicule, or marriage interdicted,  
occupying, as it does, to a greater or less  
degree, the mind of every young girl.

We do not wish to be understood as  
teaching that marriage should be regarded  
as the Alpha and Omega of their exist-  
ence; on the contrary, it is to direct their  
minds to the importance and responsibility  
of such a relation, and to prevent the bar-  
ter and sale which we confess with shame,  
some mothers make of their daughters,  
that we have introduced the subject.

There are some mothers who hold their  
daughters for sale to the highest bidder.  
Wealth, station, and rank in society, and  
not morality, is a passport to their favor—  
money, and not loving hearts, they would  
have them wed. We would that mothers  
inculcated into the minds of their daugh-  
ters, that to be happy they must be useful;  
that they, to be blest in life, must be lov-  
ing, dutiful and kind to parents; that to be  
faithful and true wives and mothers, they  
must have right conceptions of what their  
duties are in these sacred relations. Wo-  
man should be an independent being, not  
only capable of controlling her affections,  
but possessed of those high and ennobling  
powers of mind which will give her a very  
strong and enduring influence that would  
make her scorn to seek marriage from any  
other motive than mutual affection, which  
should alone be founded on good and es-  
timable qualities. When we have a race of  
educated, self-independent, noble-minded  
mothers, who endow the minds of their  
daughters with such sentiments then shall  
we have fewer ill-starred marriages, fewer  
men and women seeking divorces from un-  
congenial and unkind companions.—*Mrs.*  
*Newton.*

## Power and Progress.

Amid all the commotions of the times,  
the wrangling of politicians, and the gen-  
eral breaking up of old opinions and sys-  
tems not founded in truth, science and re-  
ligion hold on the even tenor of their way,  
as possessing principles which are imper-  
ishable. History has recorded many won-  
drous things in the past, but it will be her  
province to record many more wonderful  
things in the future. In the midst of our  
own excitements, religion is still progress-  
ing. In Kansas itself the voice of the  
peaceful preacher is heard, and he goes on  
with his work unmolested. The Sepoys of  
India did not kill the missionaries for their  
religion, but because they were classed  
with Europeans. As long as the passions  
of men are what they are, conflicts and com-  
motions will more or less mark every age;  
but the healing influences of truth, moral-  
ity and religion, will still be vital and veg-  
etative. The world is made up of all sorts

of men, and women, too, for the latter are,  
after all, "a power" on this mundane  
sphere. They may frequently be conceal-  
ed "behind the throne," but they are vigi-  
lant, vivacious, perspicacious, and effec-  
tive. Some writers testify to the astonish-  
ing qualities developed by many of the  
ladies, amid the unprecedented scenes in  
India. There are many active philoso-  
phers of the day who remind us that we  
are not passing through a lethargic age,  
but that it is full of energy. In the pro-  
duction of this state of things the press  
has exerted a great influence. There is  
scarcely a section of the globe, however  
remote or inaccessible, but has been ex-  
plored, and this century has been distin-  
guished for the successful efforts of skillful  
and daring men. Look at Franklin, Kane,  
Moffatt, Layard, Barth, Livingstone, and  
we would add Fremont, if he would con-  
tent himself with explorations, however  
bold and hazardous, and not ridiculously  
strive to ascend to the heights of political  
power. The melancholy result has left  
him neither a President nor a philosopher;  
not even an engineer, and he would have  
made a very creditable one. Sir Humph-  
rey Davy changed the whole face of chem-  
istry, but he was not cut out for Prime  
Minister. The reason why Ben. Franklin  
not only tamed the lightning, but tamed  
politicians, and even monarchs, is that he  
had a great fund of good sense, a rare  
commodity in these times.

We have heard and read much of Egypt,  
Greece, Asia Minor, and the Holy-Land.  
Chateaubriand, Madden, Eustace, Lamar-  
tine, and others, have written attractively,  
but the first and last of these were but  
traveling romancers, coloring all things  
with their poetic fancies. The temples,  
tombs, and obelisks of Egypt for centuries  
mocked the traveling public with their  
mysterious characters. The rocks of Si-  
nai, too, exhibited a strange language, that  
none could decipher. Here there were  
ruined halls and palaces in the east—there  
were subterranean works of art, curious  
and instructive, into the depths of which  
none had penetrated. Centuries had rolled  
over them; hoary time had consecrated  
them. Pages of history were written in  
the earth, but none could read them. At  
length the man was found. Layard was  
the man. He was to disentomb palaces  
and temples from the sepulchre of ages.—  
He was to disinter Nineveh itself, and make  
that ancient city stand in the midst of pos-  
terity; Nineveh that was destroyed 600  
years before Christ, or a century and a half  
after Rome was founded. The same super-  
ior mind that educed order and beauty out  
of those material ruins, exhibited its su-  
premacny over those wild and capricious  
Arabs, for they were wonderfully managed  
and controlled to execute the plans of Lay-  
ard; as well those in power, as the subor-  
dinate rank and file of the children of the  
desert. The genius of the traveler, the  
antiquarian, and the philosopher, are com-  
bined in him, and he would seem to have  
a mind even for parliamentary influence.—  
We rejoice in all the talent and genius of  
the age wherever found. Wars must  
ultimately cease, and peaceful pursuits ev-  
erywhere engage the attention of men.—  
These are citizens of the world, who, like  
Humboldt and Lyell, seek, in propagating  
knowledge, to make it availing for cement-  
ing the friendship of nations. The evan-  
gelical alliances shed their sanctifying in-  
fluences over all, and the world will eventu-  
ally be regenerated, for the power is at  
work, and the progress is manifest.

And the people looked to his store from  
the north.  
And from the south.  
And from the east.  
And from the west.  
And the printer rejoiced, and his phat  
did abound.  
But the trader could not become  
poor; and his melancholy ceased, and the  
smiles of happiness were upon his face.  
And his children did become mighty in  
the land, by reason of the dollars which  
many of the people who read his advertise-  
ment had poured into the traders money  
bags.

## A Parable for Business Men.

There was once upon a time, a man who  
kept a store, and sold goods wholesale and  
retail.

And he became melancholy, because his  
customers were shy, and the times were  
hard.

And he said: Lo! I am ruined, and the  
sensation is disagreeable.

And my ruin is the more painful for me  
to bear, because it is slow in progress,  
even as water doth gradually become hot-  
ter in the pot wherein the lobster boils,th  
until the crustaceous creature shrieketh  
out his soul in anguish.

Lo! it is better to be ruined quickly than  
to endure this slow torture.

I will give my money away to the poor  
man—even to the poorest—which is he  
that printeth newspapers, and I will shut  
up my shop, and wrap myself in the sack-  
cloth of desolation, and pass my days in  
the purloins of broken banks, cursing the  
hardness of the times and mending my  
garments.

And the howling of Rome shall be as

the dulcet sound of Dulcimers, and they  
who blow the flutes and instruments of  
music, compared to the din I will make in  
the ears of the wicked—even in the ears of  
bank directors.

And even as he said, so did he; for he  
was not like other men's sons, who are  
foolish and know it not, and they say they  
will do so and so, performing that which  
is contrary.

For the sons of men are fickle, and he  
that is born of woman doth spite his face  
by diminishing the length of the nose  
thereof.

And lo! the printer—even he who did  
publish newspapers—was made glad by  
the bounty of him who sold wholesale and  
retail; and he did sound his praises and  
print them moreover, and did blow the  
trumpet of fame respecting that man's deal-  
ings from the rising of the sun to the go-  
ing down of the same.

And he—even the printer of papers—  
did enlarge and magnify upon the stock of  
goods which the trader had in his store,  
and did publish the variety and the excel-  
lence, and the newness, and the beauty,  
and the cheapness thereof; till the people—  
yea! all of them, far and near were amaz-  
ed.

And they said, lo! this man has gather-  
ed from the east and from the west, cost-  
ly merchandise and wares of wondrous  
value—even the workmanship of cunning  
artificers—and we knew it not until now.

Go to, then. We will lay out our silver  
and our gold in those things which the  
printer printed of, and that which he doth  
publish shall be ours. For this man's  
merchandise is better than the bank notes  
of those who promise to pay, and therein  
lie, even banks of deposit, which beguile  
us of all our money and swindle us like  
sin.

But that trader was still sad, and he  
said, the money that these people bring  
me for goods that are in my store, I will  
still give to the printer, and thus will I  
ruin myself; I will do that which no man  
hath yet done in my time or before me.—  
I will make the printer man, whom all men  
scorn for his poverty, rich, and he shall  
be clad in fine linen, and he shall rejoice.

And the sons of men shall meet him  
in the market place, and the sheriff shall  
shun him, and the scoundrels shall be rebuk-  
ed, and shall take off their hats to him  
that was poor.

And he shall flash the dollars in the  
eyes of the foolish and shall eat bank-note  
sandwiches.

Yea, even shall he light his pipe with  
railroad scrip, and shall cast his spittle on  
the beards of other men.

For I will ruin myself, and he who ad-  
vertises me shall enjoy my substance.

But lo! the trading man—even he who  
sold merchandise became rich, and even  
as the unclean beast lieth in the mire, so  
stirred he not by reason of much gold.

And the people looked to his store from  
the north.  
And from the south.  
And from the east.  
And from the west.

And the printer rejoiced, and his phat  
did abound.

But the trader could not become  
poor; and his melancholy ceased, and the  
smiles of happiness were upon his face.

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the land, by reason of the dollars which  
many of the people who read his advertise-  
ment had poured into the traders money  
bags.

## A Great Prize Story.

[Author's DUE BILL.—This Story will  
not be published in the shape of a Book.]

**GIRAFFE;**  
OR THE  
**PEANUT BOY'S REVENGE!**

THRILLING TALE OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

BY SYLVANUS FLORE, GENT.

[Secured by Chattel Mortgage and two Copy  
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CHAPTER I.

"Ursa Major, Angelica, Big Dipper."—Latin.  
A man!

A nice young man. Dark, black hair,  
and light white complexion; aquiline whis-  
kers, bushy nose, sparkling brows, arch-  
ing eyes, rosy teeth, and pearl cheeks.

He stood upon the platform of a pas-  
senger car, puffing a mild principle cigar—  
extremely mild. The train at the height  
of its speed—velocity, fourteen miles in fif-  
teen hours.

CHAPTER II.

"Nie cum aroos."—Dutch.

A girl!

A maiden of sweet twenty-two, twenty-  
three or thereabouts. Hair of auburn red,  
brows of purest fluke-white, cheeks of  
Lemon Pink, (made by Appollo W. Har-  
rison, Philadelphia,) teeth of finest porce-  
lain, bust of matchless cotton, and form of  
faultless crinoline. Beautiful girl!

She was in the front yard, looking at the  
pretty poses, when the thundering rail-  
road train came whizzing by. She look-  
ed up and beheld a nice young man upon  
the platform of the third passenger car,  
puffing a mild principle cigar. He caught  
a glimpse of the maiden as the train was  
rushing by. 'Twas but a moment—yet it  
was enough—they loved. Loved at first  
sight. The fellow married the girl—but  
let me not anticipate.

CHAPTER III.

"Parlez vous Francaise."—French.

"Twass!"

Thick, black darkness overspread the  
terrestrial earth, like a counterpane. A  
person might be seen stealing out of the  
R. R. Depot, (pronounced depe) with a car-  
pet bag and a guitar in his hand. The  
carpet bag was marked J. Smith—unusual  
name. J. Smith was the young man  
above mentioned. He made tracks for the  
house of his loved one—he found it at last.  
Hiding his carpet bag in some bushes, he  
approached the dwelling of Matilda Jane  
with the intention of serenading her. Sit-  
ting down in the doorstep, he sung with  
sentimental squeak all the modern ballads  
of the day, from Old Dog Tray down—it  
took him just four hours by the watch to  
do it.

He then adjourned to a saloon near by  
and called for a glass of lager beer a bolo-  
gnai sausage, some Schweitzer cheese, and  
mustard. Another young man was smok-  
ing near by. He had a sinister look and  
a terrier dog. J. Smith asked him if he  
knew a young lady that lived in such and  
such a house.

"What my Matilda Jane!" exclaimed he.

"Your Matilda Jane!" said J. S.

"Do you dare to claim that peerless one  
for yours? You shall relinquish her, or  
by the power of mud, one half of us shall  
die."

The stranger looked daggers at J. S.  
and said he would meet him in the morn-  
ing behind the barn. Giving him his card  
he left the saloon without paying his bill.  
On that card was the terrible name of  
Brown. Pistols and coffee for two.—They  
fought but didn't get hurt. But I antici-  
pate. J. Smith went back and slept on  
the door steps of the dwelling he had been  
serenading. Devoted Smith. On waking  
up in the morning he saw that he had  
made a mistake of a block and serenaded a  
"House to Let."

CHAPTER IV.

"Twass morning!"

The sun rose in the west and spread its  
rays over the earth and that kind of things.  
Two men stood upon the emerald sward,  
each pointing a pistol at the other. One!  
Two! three! fire! bang! The pistols had no  
balls in them—Brown and Smith are un-  
hurt—they shook hands and afterwards  
were sworn friends.

Matilda Jane went down street to get  
her last tooth pulled. J. Smith saw her.  
He hired a drunken man to insult her.—  
The drunken person did so. J. Smith  
pitched into inebriated individual, flogged  
him awful, and rescued Matilda Jane from  
a horrible death. When it was all over  
that tender flower fainted away, and fell in-  
to the arms of J. Smith, who sat down on  
a dry goods box with his charge and fan-  
ed her pale cheeks with his Panama  
hat.

Tableau.

CHAPTER V.

"Hey presto Coccolorum."—Dead Language.

A sofa!

Two individuals. Miss Matilda Jane,  
and J. Smith.

J. Smith—loquitar.

"Adored one! Mistress of me 'fections.  
Deign but to bestow one smile upon your  
happy J. Smith. Oh! ow! I am all devo-  
tion—all thine own. The love I bear you  
is too numerous to mention. Dare I hope  
that love may be reciprocated in my heart,  
dearest treasure? If you don't want to  
say so, squeeze my hand. 'Tis squeezed.  
Ah! she-she-yes-she loves me!"

Delectable J. Smith.  
Matilda Jane flies to his arms; their lips  
meet in the first warm kiss of love.

Tableau.

The curtain drops.

CHAPTER VI.

"Allah hill Allihian!"—Arabic.

A sofa!

Two individuals. Miss Matilda Jane,  
and J. Brown.

J. Brown—loquitar.

"My own dear one. Behold me again  
prostrated by the power of your beauty.  
Awake me, supreme being, that my hopes  
are not in vain. Doom me not to disap-  
pointment, to desolation, to despair. Help  
me, Matilda Jane, ere I caterpillar! One  
wink is sufficient to throw me in connip-  
tions of joy."

She winked.

"H—h—she—she—is mine!"

Delectable J. Brown.

Matilda Jane flies to his arms, their lips  
meet in the first warm kiss of love.

Enter J. Smith.

Tableau.

Fainting—Matilda Jane carried out on a  
shutter.

CHAPTER VII.

"To be or not to be."—English.

Two men!

J. Smith and his guitar. J. Brown and  
his terrier dog. It is eight. They are in  
the Lager Beer Saloon before mentioned,  
sitting by a table—a small table about two  
feet and a half high. It is J. Smith's treat.  
He treats. They now discuss the ques-  
tion of who shall have Matilda Jane. Both  
want her. How shall it be decided? J.  
Brown gets her. But I anticipate.

Shall they cast lots? Shall they throw  
the dice, or play a game of seven up?  
Shall they run a foot race, jump, or pitch  
quoiks? Shall they have a mortal combat,  
or see who can eat the most hard boiled  
eggs? No! eight times no! It shall be  
decided by flipping coppers. Brown pre-  
pares for the task. "Heads I win, tails  
you lose," says he. J. Smith agrees. He  
flips. Heads. "I win!" The second time  
he flips. Tails. You lose! The third time  
he flips, tails again. "You lose again!"  
quoth J. Brown.

J. Smith is filled with despair.

He thinks of suicide, but don't like the  
idea of dying. He finally takes carpet bag  
in one hand and his guitar in the other and  
starts for Ireland. J. Brown, to make a  
sure thing of it, accompanies in shipboard.  
On his return, however to the shore, he falls  
overboard and is drowned.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Peevelli."—Italian.

A procession.

"O death, whereabouts is thy sting?"

Brown is borne to the domicile of his loving  
Matilda Jane, a cold corpse. Matilda Jane  
is frantic. He comes to life again. But  
I anticipate.

As I said before, Matilda Jane was fran-  
tic with grief.

"Give me, oh give me his gold watch  
and chain, his diamond ring, anything to  
remember him by," said she. Her moth-  
er was trying to resuscitate the once J.  
Brown when she gave a loud yell, and sat  
down in speechless astonishment. Look—  
see—hehold—observe—take notice!" said  
she. "That mark of the strawberry and  
three moles in the left arm. It is—it is—  
my long lost brother!"

J. Brown comes to.

CHAPTER IX.

"Aeusha Machree."—Celtic

J. Smith!

Our unfortunate hero was seven years in  
Iceland, three years on the Island of Juan  
Fernandez, ten years in Japan, five years  
in Ethiopia, two years in the city of Nin-  
rogers, when he left a yearning for the land  
of his birth. He had been shipwrecked,  
stabbed by robbers, torn by wild beasts,  
overwhelmed by torrents of lava, been six  
months without food and had the chicken  
pox—and he still continued to turn up.

With guitar and carpet bag in hand, he  
again emerged from the railroad depot  
aforesaid. For forty-seven years the bloom-  
ing Matilda Jane had gone to the railroad  
station in hopes of meeting J. Smith.—  
Touching devotion. They met. She saw  
him. "Those eyes! those ears! those nose!  
It is my long lost J. Smith." She rushed  
to his arms! Tableau.

CHAPTER X.

Finally, lastly, and in conclusion

A church!

The bells rang merrily. Before the altar  
stood a blushing girl and a nice young  
man—Matilda Jane and J. Smith. She  
was dressed in virgin white with an orange flow-  
er, while he had on a brass coat and blue  
buttons and a clean shirt. They were pro-  
nounced man and woman—husband and  
wife.—She was Matilda Jane Smith and he  
is Matilda Jane Smith's husband.

All parties satisfied I believe.

This is all of this very interesting story  
that will appear in this paper. If you wish  
to read an other chapter, you will find it in  
the "Toad Hollow Gazette," and "N. Y.  
Soft Shell Ledger."

SUPPORT YOUR HOME PAPER.—The Cleve-  
land Herald talks thus sensibly upon the  
duty of supporting home paper. "Recol-  
lect, if a home weekly paper is to be sup-  
ported, home influence must do it. Every  
dollar sent to Eastern papers is at the ex-  
pense of the local papers. A county acquir-  
es prominence through its paper more than  
in any other way to every one who has  
county interest at stake, his home paper is  
a necessity. Never will such a man take a  
paper printed away from home until he is  
able to take a second paper. His first pa-  
per will be his home sheet, and he will so  
identify his own interest with that of his  
county paper as to consider his subscrip-  
tion as much a matter of duty as the pay-  
ment of his taxes."

That is very sensible talk. Every com-  
munity should support well its local paper.  
Each county in every State, should pride  
itself on the support given the papers pub-  
lished within its limits.

AN EXTENSIVE FARMER.—Jacob Carroll,  
is the largest farmer in the U. S. He owns  
250,000 acres of land. His home planta-  
tion contains 6,000 acres. Colonel Carroll  
has on his immense ranges of pasture lands  
about 1,000 horses and mules, worth  
\$50,000; 1,000 cattle, worth \$7,000; 600  
hogs, worth \$2,000; 300 Spanish mares,  
worth \$15,000; 60 jennies worth \$2,000;  
15 jacks, worth \$3,000; and 5 stallions  
worth \$5,500. His annual income from  
the sale of stock amounts to \$10,000, and  
from the sale of cotton to \$20,000.